

My friend Doug bought me this journal when he visited me in New York ~~about 20 months~~ ^{almost 2 years} ago. I was 6 weeks into my recovery from cytoreduction ^{surgery} which left me with a scar from my chest to my pubic line, twenty-five pounds lighter, and with a bag attached to my stomach to collect all my waste.

I was literally a changed woman—on the exterior and the interior. I had been gutted and could only ~~stand~~ ^{stand} up straight if I ^{pressed} ~~pushed~~ ~~my~~ ~~back~~ on my back to ~~lean~~ ^{push abdomen} me forward. And my emotions had been bludgeoned with the news that I had late stage metastatic ovarian cancer.

The weekend Doug visited was New York marathon was being raced the weekend Doug visited. I had made an annual pilgrimage to ^{Central Park} ~~near the~~ finish line ~~since~~ since moving to Manhattan. This year